Buffalo. April 19. 1873.

My dear Gray:

I was one of the bearers, yesterday, at the funeral of a friend, with whom I have sat upon the bench ever since the organization of our Court - some 19 years ago. Another associate of some 14 or 15 years, died about two years since. I am old, & weary, & sad. Torrey has gone to Paradise, & you are going to Europe. What shall I do? I potter at my Herbarium, but I fear I shall care little for collecting in this tardily-opening season! Do give me a job if you can! I have Kellogg & Somebody's Californian

collection. but the ^named^ lists of these
specimens is not yet printed; &
I am out of work. You wrote
me, some time ago, that you
had some exotic Rubiaceae for
me, but were waiting to add
to them. Please send them on,
for I am hungering for work
abroad, what is better, tell me
when you start for Europe —
that Pandemonium of Science
(falsely so called, I fear —) and
give my love to Mrs Gray — to
whom I am so thankful — &
believe me

Ever yours,

G. W. Clinton.

Asa Gray.